

Peach Cobbler

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Summary: (AU) Most of the time they didn't want to get in her way, so they justâ€¦avoided her. Peach sighed gently, even when she went out to buy sugar all the toads seemed stay away from her. It was almost...lonely sometimes, being a princess, especially since-And that was when Peach almost stepped on the baby. (A Prequel to The Draw.)

Peach Cobbler

Chapter 1: Priorities.

In the Toad Kingdom, The Prince or Princess of the kingdom only changed their title to King or Queen when they married, even when they were in charge.

Princess Peach did not let this stop her from ruling her kingdom with fairness. She did not let this stop her from doing her job. Title or not, married or not, it didn't matter so long as she did it well, and she did! Very well, in fact.

Ever since young she had a head for economics, understood the importance of healthy relationships between countries and figured how to come about doing this. The toad kingdom had never been so peaceful in centuries!

So why couldn't Toadsworth understand this?

"For the last time, I am just not interested right now, Toadsworth!" Peach sighed, putting down the wooden spoon.

Baking helped calm her down, it was a humble pursuit, with instructions she could follow instead of having to create it herself, yet at the same time giving her freedom to make changes to make it better.

Unfortunately Toadsworth had made a habit of popping up while she did it, always with that question, guessing, correctly, that she was less likely to send him to the dungeon then than anytime else.

"But think about how it will benefit the kingdom!"

"No!" She slammed down the pot into the sink, "I will only marry for love, and nothing else, not even for the Toad Kingdom,"

"How about you marry for the love of your kingdom?"

That was the last straw.

"AUUGH!"

The rest of the utensils plunked down into the sink with vehemence as Peach desperately tried to keep her calm.

Toadsworth took this as a maybe, and ran for his life.

Peach sighed through the hoped that Toadsworth would be the most stubborn person she would ever have to talk to.

â€|Why did a chill just run down her spine?

Eh, probably nothing important.

Hmâ€|maybe she could sneak out a bit for some more sugar. The kitchen was running a bit lowâ€|

Carefully, Peach tiptoed her way to the back door of the kitchen. Thankfully most of the servants by now only came in when it was time for dinner, knowing that Toadsworth coming into the kitchen while Peach was cooking usually led to an angry princess, and no one wanted to be within an angry princess' line of sight.

Heck, most of the time they didn't want to be in her line of sight anyway, too in awe of her royal majesty. So they justâ€|avoided her.

Peach sighed gently, even when she went out to buy sugar all the toads seemed stay away from her.

It was almostâ€|lonely sometimes, being a princess on her own, especially since-

And that was when Peach almost stepped on the baby.

"Oh goodness!"

The baby looked up at her, hat obscuring his eyes.

"Goo?"

Princess Peach leaned down, blinking.

There was no basket, no note, not even a blanket. Just a little baby on the back porch of the castle. The baby was naked, save for a diaper and a hat too large for their head. He looked up, and she looked down.

"Gaga!"

Peach looked around, as if trying to find his parents. Nothing. No one. He was alone.

"You poor thing!" Peach picked him gently, flinched at the smell.

The diaper clearly had not been changed recently.

"Hold on,"

There had not been a diaper in the castle for many years, since Peach was a baby herself. She would have to buy one for the child, at the very least, before she began the search for his true parents.

But how? The baby would bring too many questions (And some rather unsavory rumors), and she couldn't just leave him here! She would simply have to take him with her.

Hm!

Cradling the baby with one arm, she ventured back into the kitchen, then shuddered, clutching the baby close to her chest. She hadn't realized there would be so many dangerous things in there, not until the baby came.

With brisk steps, she reached from under the sink to pull out a large basket, then rummaged around for two of the softest picnic blankets. The ones that were old, but not . She then carefully placed the baby into the basket, he cooed again, wondering where the warmth went, then slowly drooped into the basket, cuddling the second blanket like a pillow.

Aw!

No, she couldn't get distracted.

Peach stepped out, but something about her had changed. Before, she was a Princess sneaking out to get sugar. Now, she was a princess on a much more important mission.

...A mission that basically consisted of her sneaking out to get diapers for a baby she had found randomly on her porch.

And some sugar.

End
file.